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CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.
Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

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On all the latest improved principles, which are unequalled in Manchester, and even in Paris or London, he having recently returned from the two last-named places.

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OPEN DAILY,

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WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS, 2s. 6d. (including skates.)

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Bottles at 3d., 6d., and 1s.

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STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE FOR THE SEASON.

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He invites particular attention to the following:—

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The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Man-
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STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the
largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under
his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IM-
PROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard.
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MEDICINES
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WORMALD'S Gout and Rheumatic Mixture
is decidedly the best ever brought before
the public; bottles, 13½d. and 2s. 9d.

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for all affections of the throat, chest, and
lungs; bottles, 13½d. and 2s. 9d.

WORMALD'S Cream Ointment, for all
affections of the skin, is truly efficacious;
pots, 13½d. and 2s. 9d.

WORMALD'S Pills are the best for all
complaints of the stomach, liver, and
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The above preparations can be had from
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BROUGHTON SKATING RINK,

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ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.

PLIMPTON'S AMERICAN PATENT ROLLER SKATES, SAME AS USED AT THE PRINCE'S CLUB, LONDON.

ALL SIZES FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND CHILDREN. MOVEMENTS WITH SAME EASE AND GRACE AS SKATING ON ICE.

WILL BE OPENED ON FRIDAY NEXT,

MAY 5.

A MILITARY BAND WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.

IMPORTANT TO WHISKEY CONNOISSEURS.

THE FINEST SCOTCH WHISKEY IN ENGLAND IS THE

"CAIRNGORM,"

WHICH FOR STRENGTH, PURITY, AND EXQUISITE AROMA, STANDS UNRIVALLED.

To Scotchmen, and those to whom WHISKEY is a favourite beverage, the above-named magnificent spirit must commend itself as the finest specimen of Scottish Malt ever imported into this country, and is entirely free from that smoky flavour which is so objectionable to many.

The Importers, **Messrs. HENDERSON & JONES**, would also call attention to the fact that the Medical Faculty are recommending and prescribing pure Scotch Whiskey in lieu of French Brandy as a stimulant for invalids, for which purpose the "CAIRNGORM" cannot be excelled.

Sample Bottles, at 3s. 6d. each, may be obtained at the Stores, Macdonald's Buildings, Macdonald's Lane, 35, Corporation Street, Manchester, where orders are received for cases containing from one gallon upwards. May be had from all respectable Licensed Grocers.

RIGBY & SON,

FURNISHING IRONMONGERS & GASFITTERS,

15, PICCADILLY.

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Spring Exhibition of
Art Porcelain & Glass,

COMMENCING 24th APRIL, 1876,

AT OUR SHOW-ROOMS,

44, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

WE have much pleasure in inviting you to View our NEW DESIGNS
in DINNER, TEA, and TOILET WARES.

REGISTERED COFFEE SETS and AFTERNOON TEA SETS
either with Silver or China Trays.

NEW MENU HOLDERS, the CHINESE PAGODA, SHIELD,
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Cabinet Specimens after SATSUMA, JAPANESE, and DANISH
WARES.

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SETS, CLARET DECANTERS, HOCK BOTTLES and GLASSES,
DESSERT DISHES and TANKARDS.

SANDBACH & CO.,

44, KING STREET, MANCHESTER

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 24.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE CRUX OF THE EDUCATION ACT.

THE Bishop of Manchester, whose return to public life we gladly welcome, if only from a selfish point of view, since, as his lordship once humorously said, the factious journals could hardly get on without him, has given another example of his "customary courage." So at least says the *Times*, in an able and telling review which it gave the other day of the excited proceedings at the recent meeting of the Diocesan Board of Education. What the Bishop did was to repeat an opinion which he has before expressed, and, as he pathetically reminds us, been sorely mauled by his faithful clergy for expressing, that a languid and inefficient Church school had better be handed over at once to the School Board, and made efficient at the expense of the whole body of ratepayers whose interests it is intended to serve, than maintained in a useless hand to mouth existence. Probably, indeed, his lordship would object to the form in which the statement is here put as rather over-expressing than under-stating his opinion. Yet the statement does not appear very dreadful even when it is thus put. Nobody would say that the *Times* had made any particular display of courage in endorsing it. Dr. Fraser simply expressed the view of the subject which would be taken in any meeting of laymen in the kingdom, or in any assembly of ministers of religion—unless said ministers were clergymen of the Church of England, or priests of the Church of Rome. Yet that the Bishop had done a very bold thing—indeed, which some regarded as an outrageously impertinent, and others apparently a treacherous thing—when he reiterated his sensible and practical view of the present crisis in the history of education was apparent at once to any observer of the meeting. The sensation could scarcely have been greater if his lordship had quietly taken a loaded shell from under his apron, placed it on the desk before him, and calmly applied the fuse. The only thing that prevented the august assembly from separating in disorder was a lingering faith that the Bishop could not possibly be in earnest. Mr. Birley's naturally grave visage lengthened and saddened till he might have been mistaken for the knight of the rueful countenance. Canon Hornby sat, hot and pursy, nursing his wrath in the shadow till he finally exploded in a fit of indignation. Even the Bishop's supporters, on what may be called the Liberal side of the house, came timidly and tardily to his aid. Mr. Oliver Heywood, who understands the situation as well as any man, spoke deprecatingly. The Dean sought to minimise the effect of the Bishop's statement by a literal interpretation of his words. Even for this relief, such as it was, never was man so obviously grateful as the sorely-bested Bishop. The question arises, why should it require special courage on the part of a bishop to say out what all men are thinking, in a meeting of his own clergy, who are supposed to be, and ought to be, more enlightened, more liberal, more generous, more unbiassed in the search of truth than other men?

We fear that our parochial system, with all its advantages, has had this damaging effect upon the clergy, that it has made them parochial. They do not—that is to say, the parochially-minded do not—see beyond the walls of their own church and schoolroom. They nurse their parochial pride by standing upon their prescriptive rights, imagining in every voluntary agent who seeks to help them in their attack upon the vice and ignorance of their parishoners, a rival and an enemy. They do not open their eyes to what is going on around them. They have no organised means of rubbing the shoulders of their wits against their neighbours' shoulders, and thus when a slight collision occurs at some

chance-meeting, as happened on Thursday week, it has come with the effect of almost an electric shock upon their poor, sensitive, nervous, hot-house-enfeebled systems. The bogey which so startles them in the suggestion of the Bishop is the fear that religious education will be sacrificed. Is it possible—nay, we believe it is absolutely true—that our local clergy are ignorant of the great educational movements that are going on at our very doors, within the borders of the United Kingdom, of which they are constituents? Surely if distinctively religious education is prized anywhere in this country, it is in Scotland and in Wales, where the people value it so highly that they pay for it themselves. When the Free Church of Scotland left the Establishment, thirty-three years ago, it planted a church and a school in every parish throughout the land, from John o'Groats to Kirkmaiden, for the purpose mainly of imparting distinctive religious education, and has since voluntarily supported the sister religious and educational systems. What is the Free Kirk doing now? It has handed over all its schools to the School Boards, and in Scotland there is a school board and compulsory attendance in every parish. An apparently insoluble metaphysical question has stopped on the threshold of its fulfilment the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches, which are identical in doctrine, in the theory and practice of church government, and in protest against the erastianism of the Establishment, after twelve years of negotiation conducted by their most trusted leaders—Guthrie, Candlish, and Buchanan on the one hand; Cairns, the Johnstones, and the Browns on the other. But upon this question of education all sectarian differences have been laid aside, and the schools are now a voluntary gift to the ratepayers. It was found in point of practice that parents sent their children for secular instruction, not necessarily to the school connected with their own particular and favourite place of worship—to reach which they would themselves walk six or eight miles in the pastoral parishes—but to the nearest school and the best school. The consequence of this national action in Scotland has been that the School Boards have been able to take over the entire educational system of the country, and work it in a harmonious manner, free from sectarian jealousies and petty local oppositions. Their hands have been free to build new schools where they were needed, and so to grade and systematise education, that the present generation seeing it, and looking back to the old denominational days, begin to think that they have not enjoyed the benefits of education at all, but have only got what they could in a scramble for the crumbs. Thus Scotland, which was two years later in obtaining its education measure than England, is already, so far as primary and middle education is concerned, shooting rapidly ahead of us again. The ratepayers of Manchester, whose sons are subject to the competition of better educated Scotchmen and Germans, and are elbowing by their superior force from their natural right, will see this if their clergy do not. The crux of the Education Act already begins to be felt among us. Generous subscribers to education funds, when they find that their object is being served without the Church crutch, will refuse to pay twice—once in subscriptions and once in rates. The parent, as in Scotland, when a choice is provided him will send his boys not to the Church school because it is a Church school, but to the best and most convenient school. A national and a denominational system cannot live together, and the latter must inevitably suffer the painless extinction that is prepared for it. However the parochial clergy may fret and fume—however heroic and self-sacrificing men like Mr. Allen may spend useless, because misdirected, effort in a vain attempt to defend a misplaced outpost—the public will be resigned to the change that is taking place. They are gradually coming to see that education, including elementary religious instruction, is provided by the national system, as expressed in School Boards, and that the attempt to bolster up the denominational schools is made in a sectarian interest for which they do not care.

CONSERVATIVES IN A GLASS CASE.

SCENE.—Shelter for Cabmen on the Infirmary Stand.

Liberal. I say, Ben, what's this ere arrangement for? It looks awfully like a glass case.

Radical. Don't know, at all.

Liberal. Hollon, I see, now, what it's for. There's Maclure just gone past, and don't you see how he's grinning from ear to ear?

Radical. So he is. I suppose it's his suggestion; and the Conservatives will be putting Nicholson, Blatherwick, and Co., into the case to show that Conservative working men are not really all extinct in Manchester.

HARD TIMES FOR CORPORATION OFFICIALS.

[FROM SALFORD.]

HAVE you heard as how the Salford Corporation has decreed That us unlucky servants shan't go out and get a feed,
But consume upon the premises, in melancholy states,
A dubious sort of dinner part provided from the rates?
And never more go out to get a drink and have a smoke.

It really is a dreadful sort of prospect that, is ours,
That the Council thus should regulate the food a man devours;
I wonder how the aldermen would like it if they had
To put up with treatment such as this, or even half so bad—
I am sure that they would all admit the thing was past a joke.

What recreation is there for a poor unhappy wight
Mechanically just to take his little sup and bite,
To be made to eat to order, and a thing that's worse far,
To be hindered from the smoking of a pipe or a cigar,
Just because the Corporation has a maggot in its head?

And, besides, when one is thirsty what's a half a pint of ale?
Which probably, as I expect, is likely to be stale,
For there's none upon the premises, as far as I'm aware—
At least, I never tasted it if there was any there;
And so they'll have to fetch it from the public-house instead.

Where will they get the victuals? I should just like to know,
And when they come I'm sure there won't be any cause to crow;
When I contemplate the prospect I am half inclined to strike,
And to go where I can purchase my provisions where I like,
For I go in for freedom in the matter of my meals.

Who knows what nasty mess one may be called on to devour?
For the sake of saving, as they say, a quarter of an hour;
Such stingy, mean economy's the sort of thing I hates;
Although I know that half of it is paid for by the rates;
But then it is my belly, not the ratepayer, who feels.

BLACKBURN DISTINGUISHES ITSELF.

ALATE horrible event, to the details of which it is not our province to allude, has raised Blackburn for a while to a place among the most distinguished towns of the empire. The "intense excitement" in the town, which one Manchester paper excuses as "natural," while another condemns it as "morbid," has proved that when Blackburn does do anything to distinguish itself, its citizens are eminently sympathetic. "So great is the morbid interest taken in the case everywhere," says one of the journals alluded to above, "that we actually sold more than 100,000 copies yesterday." So much for the enlightenment and self-respect of the Press in the present day. There is no doubt that the last few days have been a splendid time for all newspapers published within a considerable radius of Blackburn, with the exception of the *City Jackdaw*, which might doubtless have considerably increased its circulation by commenting on the disgusting subject. One weekly newspaper, from which we were justified in expecting a higher tone, gained an ephemeral circulation by giving to its readers, along with the ordinary number, a broadsheet which purported to contain portraits of the animals, human and otherwise, on whom the interesting occurrence at Blackburn has thrust greatness. This attempt on the part of a respectable journal to compete with the *Police News* and the *London Clipper*, though remarkable as a sign of the times, is not otherwise worthy of notice, the pictures being a failure from every point of view. One of our evening papers gave

an amusing aspect to the matter by falling foul of a contemporary simply on the ground apparently of disappointed rivalry, the result being irresistibly suggestive of one bird of prey picking a quarrel with another over a banquet of garbage. For the rest, everything suggestive, immoral and prurient, that could be gathered has been printed for the delectation of the public. The murderer's weight, religion, convictions, health, and antecedents, have been laid before us with as much painstaking description and recrimination as if he had been a saint recommended to the adoration of subscribers. His head has been examined by a distinguished person whom we will not call a quack-doctor, though we have no hesitation in calling him a snob. The shifting emotions of the accused, his ejaculations, and his interviews with his wife, have all been pressed into the demoralising service until the disgust at the man's nature utterly loses itself, and is swallowed up in contempt and scorn for the pitiful scribbles of those who thus dignify brutality, and turn hideous crime into a mere show. Blackburn has undoubtedly distinguished itself in having evoked all this. As an example of the use made in the vicinity of the illustrious event, the details of which we shall have all over again shortly, we give the following extract from a local bill of fare, which is headed, "MURDER WILL OUT!" and offers among the attractions this among other things:—

MESSRS. JOLLY, LISTER, AND ANOTHER.

Will compete for 5s. which can eat 1lb. of Rump Steak, 1lb. of Bread, and drink one quart of Beer, the quickest and the cleanest.

It is hardly out of place to assume that the following heading of a local poster may have something to do with the all-enthalling triumph of Lancashire savagery:—

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Towards Defraying the Expenses of the

PRIZE RINGING CONTEST,

To be Rung on the Parish Church Bells, at Blackburn,

ON WHIT MONDAY & TUESDAY, JUNE 5 & 6, 1876.

LYDIA'S LAMENT.

[FROM "LOVE'S LABOUR LOST."]

The Women's Suffrage Bill was defeated in the House of Commons, on Wednesday night, by 239 against 152 votes, being the largest majority ever recorded against the measure.

SIGN no more, ladies, sign no more,
Petitions are discounted;
Sent by the score, and signed galore,
Their numbers ne'er are counted.
Then sign not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Disarding all your sounds of woe
For hey, nonny, nonny.

Make no more speeches, make no more,
On wrongs that have no merit;
Men are not sore upon that score,
They simply grin, and bear it.
Talk no more, etc.

MR. CHARLEY, M.P., ON THE STUMP.



Surely this is an indication that Mr. Charley is losing ground as a popular entertainer. The day is not far distant when Mr. Charley used to herald

IF Mr. Charley could only be induced to follow the tactics of some of the Yankee entertainers, and to blacken his face when he appears on political boards for the purpose of amusing his constituents in Salford, we think that his stump orations would go down much better than they do at present. Mr. Charley delivered a stump oration in the Islington Ward last week, yet, strange to say, it fell with such a flatness that even the *Salford News* scarcely condescended to notice him, and the morning papers did not contain a whisper as to his presence in Salford.

his coming to Salford by letters from the House of Commons, and flaring placards announced that he would entertain his friends at this place or that; but now he seems to creep in and out of Salford as if he were ashamed of his connection with it. Possibly he also begins to feel that Salford doesn't look up to him as it used to do, now that his mission is fulfilled, and Mr. Disraeli has gagged him from doing any further good work. We are really sorry for Mr. Charley's plight, for in his early days he was the most amusing public entertainer in Manchester or Salford, and the falling off in this capacity must give pain both to his friends and his enemies. If he hopes to get in for Salford again, we are afraid there is nothing for it, if he will insist upon pursuing his career as a stump orator, but for him to blacken his face and do the "belubbed bredren" business.

IN THE BONDS OF EGYPT.

THE NEW BANKRUPT BOY'S STORY.

STAY, Dizzy, stay!—my coin's at stake—
And hear a luckless broker's wail;
On me a moment's pity take,
For "Egypt" now there is no sale.
Yet they were once the broker's pride,
And filled his heart with feverish joy,
But after Cave's report they died,
And here am I a bankrupt boy.

Ah, stupid fool! how teased was I
When first Khediv's came in view,
That I the bonds could rarely buy,
For all my bills seemed overdue.
I rigged the market, then, by stealth,
And courted Fortune's favours coy;
I gambled with a nation's wealth,
For I was then no bankrupt boy.

The bonds went down 'mid curses loud,
Methought my time had come at last—
I purchased madly of the crowd—
Ah, woe is me! the die was cast.

"Why do you purchase?" was the cry
Of those to whom I'd wrought annoy;
"From Egypt's bondage quickly fly,
Or you'll be bankrupt soon, my boy."

"Who'll be a bankrupt boy?" I cried,
When first the Suez shares were bought;
On you, Dizzy, I relied,
And vainly were my bonds now sought.
I would not sell at brokers' rates,
I hugged the scrip with frantic joy—
Alas! I little thought the Fates
Would make me soon a bankrupt boy.

I swallowed greedily the bait
With which you lured me to my fall,
But "wearied with the cares of State"
In gouty mood you ruined all!

What, wretch, you sneer, "Pray do not whine!"
And "all my schemes" you'll "still destroy?"
By Heaven! your fall will follow mine,
And you'll soon be a Bankrupt Boy!

An academical contributor writes: "Everybody who takes an interest in Oxford must be glad to learn, from the report in one of your contemporaries, that Keble College, of which there was at first some fear that it might prove a monkish institution, means to stand upon the old lines of the Constitution. We read in the *Examiner* and *Times* that the charter of the College says its intent is to combine *solid living* and high culture of mind with Christian teaching. On the other hand, the *Courier* discourses us with an assurance that one of the first fruits of the College has been to provide a Bishop-designate of Rome in the person of Dr. Mylne, one of the tutors. Does this mean that Dr. Mylne has been nominated to be the next Pope, and must not be made a Cardinal first?" [It is obvious that the telegraph has been playing the printer's devil with the reports in the daily papers. The distinctive feature of Keble College is "*sober living*." Dr. Mylne has been appointed Bishop of Bombay, and abjures the Bishop of Rome and all his works as entirely as Mr. John Tease or the Dean of Manchester.—Ed. *City Jackdaw*.]

TAILS FOR EVERYBODY.

MR. CARLYLE asks, in *sartor resartus*, where the dignity of the House of Commons would be if its members wore no clothes? We venture to put a still more troublesome question, as to where the dignity of public men in Manchester would be if—they had tails? The question has been suggested to our mind by the fact that in a paper on the origin of the Manx tailless cats, read by Mr. Lawson Tait before the Birmingham Natural History and Microscopical Society, the author attributed the phenomenon to a brood suffering from *spina bifida*, which, assisted by surrounding conditions, in time ultimately became an established healthy variety. Mr. Tait also ventured to say that in all probability the human race lost the tail by a similar process. And so, my dear reader—madam or sir—your handsome Manx tabby and yourself have lost one of the greatest ornaments which anything living could have, in all probability, from a similar cause. However, as tabby would say in his own mewsical way, "It's no use crying over spilt milk," we assert it's no use crying over lost tails. Our only purpose now is to speculate as to what would have been our unfortunate or fortunate position in Manchester if we could have been as complete as some folks would have us think we ought to be if we were constructed in the same way as mankind were until *spina bifida* reduced us to our present prescribed details. In the very first place, possibly there would have been no such persons in existence as tailors, and the side-suspended trousers, and the frock coat, would have been things to be dreamt about, but never attained in our philosophy. The tail coat might possibly have dimly suggested itself to many of the exquisites who attend Mr. Hallé's concerts, but if we only picture before our eyes that great musical director with a tail, the end neatly tucked under his arm, we should never conceive that he could have had the courage to look a Manchester audience in the face, or to establish a musical reputation in this city. Indeed, we are almost disposed to doubt whether the loss of the tail to humanity has been a benefit or a deprivation. Aldermen might be as dignified, as they are now, with tails, for we've seen monkeys in full dress look uncommonly wise, and we don't see why Alderman Bake shouldn't take as deep an interest in the Manchester spring meeting, and the cabmen, with a tail as without one. Alderman Bennett, standing on his head, might not possibly be so able, under similar circumstances, to attract a congregation. But city councillors with tails is quite inconsistent with municipal traditions, and undoubtedly would have upset the gravity of the world, to say nothing of that of the Town Clerk. The height of absurdity could only be reached if we could imagine a city councillor rising to a point of order, elevating his back in the manner of a ferocious tom cat—tail rampant—and the Town Clerk following suit, doing the conciliatory in—sitting upon him. On the other hand, a great deal is to be said in favour of tails. An old lady who has now to run the risk of her life in trying to get into a Manchester omnibus, might successfully bring a refractory bus guard to some sense of reason—if she could get hold of him; political turncoats might easily be nailed to the counter by them; the Bishop wouldn't be less bold in speaking what he thinks is truth about our schools, because he believes in "an unvarnished tale;" Mr. Aronsberg could give away all his substance, and still boast of having something left *more* than he has at present; Abel Heywood could tie a knot at the end of his appendage to remind him that it is his ambition to be Sir Knight; and last, but not least, if the Rev. Peter Marshall was a perfect man according to Dr. Darwin's theory, he would find that he couldn't appear before his congregation, at St. John the Baptist's, one day as a full Ritualistic man with a tail, and a Broad Churchman the next day with his tail locked up, unless the Bishop swallowed the excuse that he was every other day a martyr to *spina bifida*. [Free translation for Mr. Andrew, etc., the "Red Rag."] One word more, what a frightful scene the political world of Manchester would present, especially after the last election—supposing we had tails—if the *spina bifida* attacked only the Tories.



WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the principal dish at the luncheon of the Salford Town Hall will be Corporation soles.

That Miss Becker is so down in the mouth about the defeat of the Woman Suffrage Bill that she's going about in deshabille.

That the Woman Suffrage measure, in future, is to be known as the Ladies' Deshabillities Removal Bill.

That John Bright, in his opposition, made an excellent quotation from Shakspeare, "Sign no more, ladies."

That the Whit Monday Children's Procession Committee are going to ask the public to throw only hot coppers to the children.

That the tectotalers of the city are getting up a petition to the publicans to close their premises during Whit Week, so that the general public may not suffer from hot coppers too.

That Mr. Vernon Armitage opposed a petition being sent in favour of woman suffrage from the Salford Town Council, on the ground that it was moved for by an old woman.

That Dr. Noble didn't look for any vermin in St. Joseph's Industrial School, as his visits are not paid for as if he was a sanitary inspector, but as a fee-sician.

That Mr. Charley, in the House of Commons, the other evening, explained that a certain measure which he had brought forward was the last of a series referring to "Offences against the Person—Bill."

That it's about time Mr. Charley did give the person—Bill Gladstone—a rest.

That the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, in nominating a distinguished civil engineer to act as juror at the Philadelphia exhibition, couldn't have got anybody Hulse so suitable.

That at the Phonetic Shorthand Writers' Association spelling-bee, several competitors at "mocassin" put their foot in it.

That the Duke of Connaught is coming to join his regiment in Manchester, so as to be on full pay in London.

That Connaught something be done to give him a Royal welcome—if he condescends to live in Hulme Barracks.

PLEASE PUT THE SHUTTERS UP!

A CORRESPONDENT, who ingenuously confesses that he is a constant reader of the *Courier*, writes to that organ, and says that on Sunday, in Manchester, many people "must have noticed an increasing number of shops without shutters—perhaps with an iron grating instead—and thus exhibiting in full view the goods inside, and sometimes placards of an advertising character inside the shops. Now, as we have six days for business, etc., it is to be hoped that this method of advertising and obtruding business before the notice of the public on Sundays will not become a common practice in this Sunday-observing country, which it is our privilege to live in." We must irreverently confess that the "privilege" alluded to does not in our mind include the joy of contemplating whole streets in a dreary and monotonous condition of shutters; and, further, the tradesmen in question have often seemed to us to be unconsciously conferring a benefit on their fellow-creatures by affording some variety to an exceedingly barren prospect. There are, however, some persons whose Sunday motto is "to keep the Sabbath day, and make it doleful." Perhaps this constant reader of the *Courier* would like to have all the names of tradesmen blotted out from all conspicuous positions on the Sabbath, so that the minds of the pious should not be distracted by the worldly practice of advertising. Perhaps he would, if he had the power, cause the flowers not to grow, and the birds not to sing, on a Sunday. For that matter, probably he would ordain that no ass should bray throughout the land, even in gratitude for being pulled out of a pit. This correspondent may, for aught we know, be a very pious person, but there is a sort of piety which partakes largely of the nature of pigheadedness. May we suggest to "Constant Reader" that the contemplation of ladies' bonnets in church is much more calculated to distract one's attention from religious musings than the contemplation of any number of pounds of tea behind a square or two of glass.

AN AQUARIOUS INVITATION.

COME, let us visit, my love, the aquarium,
Whisper our vows as we're watching the fish
Apt to grow tedious with nothing to vary'em—
Better distraction we hardly could wish.
Here, as we wander, each object aquarious
Shall from our spoonings attention divert;
Visitors here are intensely gregarious,
When we converse who will say that we flirt.
Thus we shall find that the use of aquaria
Is to instruct us, as well as amuse;
Do not refuse when I ask you, my Mary, a
Visit to pay with me—do not refuse.
As I have shewn the attractions are various—
Varied as love or the beam of your eye—
When we are weary of objects aquarious,
We can discourse of a subject less dry.
Should you accept of me at the aquarium,
As your devoted protector and slave,
Fondly I'd long for the sweet *honorarium*
Which in return for such service I'd crave.
And though the chance of reward were precarious,
Still I should think myself one of the blest,
Listlessly watching the objects aquarious
Trying to fathom the thoughts in your breast.

SALFORD CORPORATION LUNCHEON-ROOMS.

Daily luncheons at the Salford Town Hall.—Report of Council meeting.

MESSRS. the Corporation of Salford respectfully announce that they will shortly open an extensive luncheon-room at their well-known establishment in Bexley Square. Having the command of unlimited capital, and being desirous of losing £140 per year of the money entrusted to them for distribution by a prosperous and confiding public in the speculation, they will be enabled to undersell every competitor, and place a superior menu before their customers. The business will be conducted according to certain absolute and novel rules, which the proprietors hope

E. JAMIESON & Co., Fashionable Tailors.—Business Suits £1. 12s., Scotch Tweed Suits £2.

will be appreciated by their clients. Any gentleman patronising their establishment must undertake to dine there twice at least every day (Sundays included), and to give his employer power to stop payment for the same out of his wages; but the charge will be so small that the deduction will scarcely be noticed. As the Corporation are anxious to resuscitate the truck system, contracts will be entered into with employers of labour to dine their workpeople, the charge to be deducted by the employer from wages; and having a large police force at their command, the proprietors will undertake to fetch and escort back to their work all workpeople entrusted to them. Thus employers will be insured against any loss of time at the dinner-hour. Beer will only be supplied to men over seventy years of age, and to them only a teaspoonful each per day. Persons requiring beer must produce their certificate of birth, together with a permit from their wives or mothers. Only youths under seventeen will be allowed to smoke. The charges for dinner will be—to married men (who must produce their marriage-lines or wives), sixpence per day; bachelors, eightpence; boys earning three shillings per week, fourpence per day; men earning or receiving from £400 to £600 per annum, one shilling; town councillors and the children of aldermen, free. The Mayor of the borough, Mr. Cawley, M.P., and Mr. Charley, M.P., will preside in turns, and grace will be said each day by the Town Clerk.

N.B.—No connection with the tripe-shop across the street.

LESSONS IN NATURAL OBJECTS.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

IN the humblest of beasts there are lessons concealed,
As I have attempted to show—
In fact, there's a quite inexhaustible field
To which the inquirer may go:
He may go to the ants, he may go to the bees,
He may go to the mole or the bat,
He may go if he likes to the mites in a cheese,
Or the beetle that creeps on the mat.

He may go to the owl, he may go to the frog,
He may go if he likes to the toad,
He may go to the ass, the affectionate dog,
With the snails he may make his abode;
He can go to the wasp, and the worm, and the flea,
He can go to the fish if he likes,
Or to go to the elegant dove he is free,
Or the hedgehog all covered with spikes.

He can go to the mouse, he can go to the rat,
He can go to the spider as well,
And then he can go for a change to the cat,
To the fly he can go for a spell;
And if the inquirer in all this array
For a moral should find no excuse,
Let him go, in conclusion, is all I can say,
Let him go—let him go to the dence.

THE VOLUNTEERS: A NATIONAL CURSE.

A conversation which did not take place at the Volunteer Arms.

Captain, First Manchester, to Sergeant Harry Jones, of Second ditto. Well, Jones, you seem to have done well at Tring. The London papers crack you up to the skies.

Sergeant Jones. Yes. We put the hon. and learned member for Salford and his corps to flight quicksticks. Why didn't you come? You look rather chopfallen.

Captain Smith. "No more o' that, Hal, and you love me." Aye, chopfallen indeed. Did you see what Hugh Mason says of us?

Sergeant Jones. No; never read his speeches. But what does he say?

Captain Smith. He says we are a curse to the country.

Sergeant Jones. A what?

Captain Smith. A curse to the country.

Sergeant Jones. Who's a curse to the country?

Captain Smith. The volunteers.

Sergeant Jones. Bless him! why does he say so?

Captain Smith. Well, he told the International Arbitration Society, the other night, that "if the volunteer service were to be discontinued it would be one of the happiest things that could happen to the young men of this country." The same thing, isn't it?

Sergeant Jones. It comes very near it. What does he mean?

Captain Smith. I don't know what he may mean; but this is what he said, "The volunteer service has created among our young men a taste for warfare which is most unfavourable to the maintenance of peace in this country and the world."

Sergeant Jones. You don't mean to say so. Well, I don't know that I have felt more bloodthirsty since I began drilling and shooting, but since I have heard your report of Mr. Mason's speech, a sanguinary desire to break the gentleman's nose is twitching at the tips of my fingers. But here comes the Adjutant; let's talk to him.

Captain Smith. Yes; Mason's got one for him, too. He says, "The volunteer service was a great blunder, fostered by men who have a selfish interest in military service, and the result has been most disastrous to the moral and social wellbeing of this country."

Adjutant Fire-eater [who has entered during the reading of this extract]. Who says that?

Sergeant Jones. Hugh Mason. He says that you, that is we, are a curse to the country.

Adjutant Fire-eater. Then I shall pull his nose. Is the old woman a man of honour? Which of yez will carry my card to him?

Captain Smith. Oh, he never fights; but he has no objection to arbitration. His referee is Miss Becker, who declares the duel is a relic of barbarism, and that we are the same.

Sergeant Jones. Oh, lor! oh, lor! do they leave us no crumb of comfort?

Captain Smith. Oh, yes; he thinks their Royal and Imperial Highnesses should be taught something better than fighting.

Admiral Fire-eater [who has been perusing a back number of the "Examiner and Times," handed to him by the Captain]. Oh, thin, he differs with Miss Becker, for I observe she says:—

*If she were Queen of England, or, what's better, Pope of Rome,
She'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home.*

Who is she weeping for, I wonder? Who's bin agoing to the wars? She says she'd have those that make quarrels be the only men to fight. Sure now, me jewel, and how could they fight unless they were trained to it?

Captain Smith. Then Mason blames the clergy for praying for peace on Sunday, and seeing their sons off to Aldershot on the Monday morning.

Adjutant Fire-eater. An' a very sensible thing too. The best preventative of peace is to show, by dragging your coat tail around, that you are prepared for war, if necessary. But, sure, we don't want to fight nor to go abroad, at all, at all. So it's quite right for the honest old priest to pray for peace, don't ye see? His having his son in the army gives him an interest in doing his duty in earnest. We are not in bad company when we come after the Royal Family, and before the Bishop and Clergy, in a curse any more than in a toast. Are we boys? Let us go and have a drink with the Chaplain. *[Exeunt, laughing.]*

AN EDITOR IN THE BLUES.

THE editor of the *City News*—or some one on his staff—has just discovered during a fit of the "blues" that he is not so young as he used to be, and, what is more, that he is utterly incapable of enjoying in his mature age the pleasures of his youth. To be sure, great allowance ought to be made for an editor who wants a leading article, and has either to go himself or send a substitute in search of a subject—to Knot Mill Fair. The writer of an article in this week's *City News* tells us that he has been at Knot Mill Fair for the last time, after an absence of twenty years, and that he is bound to confess "it's a carnival of a weak, not over rough, but on the whole excessively stupid kind." This is a specimen of his reasoning. "We"—of course, after all, the writer could only have been the editor—"were not critical, and were determined to see all we could, and realise all the fun of the fair if we had capacity left. We cannot think it was our own fault if we were bored." Of course not; a man who suffers from the blues can scarcely be expected to have any capacity for enjoying even the best of fun, and the only hope for him is

All Goods thoroughly shrunk by a new process.—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

to give him—metaphorically, of course—a black draught, which may possibly clear his vision. But we are afraid he is too far gone even for a black draught of our prescription to do him any good. Listen to the splutterings of his pen. "The shows are too stupid for endurance; even the fat woman was flat, and the prize baby was a fraud." We can ourselves give a flat contradiction to the insinuation about the unfortunate fat woman—she is no more flat than the editor of the *City News*; indeed, it would be impossible to have a flat fat woman any more than it would be to have a flat barrel. The next time the editor of the *City News* sees this gentle specimen of feminine loveliness let him try to encircle her waist, and he will find out his mistake. As to the fat baby being a fraud, why, that's a matter between the baby and the editor; but we don't see exactly why the latter should get up his back so frightfully because the date of the infant's appearance in the world, to a day or two, cannot be spoken to by a reference to the register of births in the *City News*. Then the article tells us that the sparring was hollow and unreal; that even the organs had their "innards" exposed to show a public "dying" for information how the music was ground—God bless us! what a narrow escape Coroner Herford has had of holding an inquest upon an editorial "we"—and the circus was flat, and too tawdry even for a fair; and the fools were the biggest we have seen for many a day. Both fools and editor, be it marked, were at Knot Mill for the same purpose—earning an honest livelihood; and if these are the opinions of the editor as to the fools, what must have been the fools' thoughts as they saw an editor, suffering from the blues, paying his penny to be amused? The cynic can no more hide his spleen than can the fool his motley—both occasionally make wise men laugh notwithstanding. To finish up with, the man with the blues says, "We heard no single hearty peal of laughter the whole ninety minutes we were there"—are there no such things as ear-trumpets for those who are hard of hearing—"we saw hundreds of respectable and beautiful young women, hundreds of well-to-do and healthy-looking young men. It is not right that they should have these opportunities of jostling in a crowd with brazen and filthy vice." And so, holding up his hands with holy horror, this moraliser rushes out of the crowd, thanking Heaven that he is not like other men—for he can pass unscathed through the filth and the mud, where other respectable men and women sink—and a fit of the blues to him means—morality.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

[BY OUR MAN ABOUT TOWN.]

II.—THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL.



PASSING from the Argyle, and leaving on one side, for the present, the Alexandra and certain other places affected of nights by cheap swells of both sexes, we will take a turn at the People's Concert Hall. This house possesses, and has possessed for many years, a distinct and by no means uncreditable character of its own. The programme of entertainment is as fixed in its character as are the outward and inward characteristics of the audiences which patronise it. If you take an interest in the flauntings of vice, the vagaries of fast snobs or counter-jumpers on the loose, or of the nondescript Manchester prowling young gentleman, who is, though a despicable creature in his way, not half so bad as he is occasionally painted—if, I say, you take an interest in any of these things or people, you must not go to the People's Concert Hall to satisfy your curiosity. Here the modest prices, and the variety and nature of the amusement afforded, attract nightly crowds of genuine pleasure-seekers. To you and to me, who are philosophers and lookers-on, the amusement may seem of the poorest; though, between ourselves, there are many poorer pro-

grammes presented in Manchester, which are, nevertheless, all the rage among gentlemen and ladies. The entertainment, such as it is, however, is exactly fitted to the tastes and capacities of the persons who are catered for—a class, be it remarked, of desperately earnest pleasure-seekers. The audience consists almost entirely, as it should do in a place which justifies its title, of those who are somewhat irreverently termed "the people." Though doubtless for the most part dressed in their best—for to go to the play is an event to most of them, even though they only pay twopence—there is no attempt at display, but there is a hearty attention to what is going forward, and an appreciation of the efforts of the performers which could not be excelled, at all events, by the *blasé* throngs at Hallé's or the Prince's. It may be that the powers of appreciation may be stimulated by the sense of freedom which a pipe between the teeth can impart. I wonder whether any one has ever sat in the stalls of a theatre, and longed for the forbidden pleasure of a pipe, as I have? It must be a fine thing to be one of the people to be able to purchase a whole evening's enjoyment for sixpence, fourpence, or twopence, according to purse or inclination, tobacco included. Put oneself in one of these people's places, and the entertainment on the stage is capital. The light comedian produces roars of laughter. The comic singer is delightfully funny, even to the extent of provoking the audience to join in the chorus. There is no indelicacy nor suggestiveness of word or action. The people don't want it—it is no fun to them, bless you! they take their coarseness in their every-day lives, think nothing of it, and are very likely none the worse for it. At all events, they will get nothing but honest recreation here, unless it may be that the small boy, who is smoking a bad cigar, should grow up to be a rickety and sallow man. However, if small boys will smoke cigars, they might as well smoke them here as anywhere else, only if they smoke them in the upper boxes, and spit much, it is inconvenient for the people in the pit. So let us bid a hearty good-bye to the People's Concert Hall, in which, if the material atmosphere be somewhat laden with bad tobacco smoke, the moral atmosphere suffers not from the taint of snobs and their miserable pleasures, painted misery, and fallen or hesitating virtue.

THE "OLD FOGIE" IN AUSTRALIA.

FISHING AND OTHER MATTERS.

THOSE who now may be acquainted With the personal appearance And the ways of the Old Fogie, Would have been surprised to see him Under circumstances briefly Which I now will put before you. Sitting hatless in the sunshine, In a ragged shirt and trousers, On a jetty on the sea-shore, Fishing with a line for snappers— For a sort of fish called snappers— Fishing with a crowd of others, Also ragged for the most part, Many of them also hatless, And the whole of them an hungred. It was not for sport I fished there, Not for choice was I thus hatless. If by chance I caught a snapper I proceeded straight to eat it, Not so much that I might eat it, Ere its freshness had departed, But because I felt so hungry; And the reason I was hatless Was that I possessed no means of Purchasing a hat to put on, And the rest whom I have mentioned Were in much the same position. Now, one day when I was fishing, Came an ancient Irishwoman Whom I had for an acquaintance In a former time of plenty, When I used to purchase from her Greens and cauliflowers, and so forth,

And she knew me when she saw me,
And she asked me, "Had I captured
Any store of fish that morning?"
And I answered, and I told her
That "I only had succeeded
In ensnaring one small snapper—
Very small and very bony—
And had eaten him for dinner,
Bones and all I had devoured him."

Now, this ancient Irishwoman
Was a kindly sort of person,
And she disappeared, and shortly
I observed her quick returning,
And she brought some beef and damper,
And some brandy in a bottle,
And she also brought a hat which,
Though a bit the worse for wear, was
Very clean, as she assured me.
Then she went about her business,
Hardly waiting till I thanked her
For the unexpected kindness.
Never more that Irishwoman
Did I see in all my travels,
And I do not think it likely
That I ever more shall see her
In this life of queer relations.

What became of her I know not,
But I hope she still may flourish
Wheresoever now she may be.
So I ate my beef and damper,
Aided partly by my comrades,
And for once I was not hungry,
And for once I was not hatless;
But my comrades were so many,
All of them intent on fishing
That in time the fish grew shyer.
Every day the fish grew scarcer,
Till, if any of us captured
With his hook and line a snapper,
It was an event amongst us,
And the others were encouraged
In their efforts, though amazed at
The good fortune of the catcher.

Now, it soon was plain to me that
It was very inconvenient
To be living in this fashion,
And at last I thought it best to
Cease from fishing for a living
Where the fish so hard to catch were,
So I started for the Bushland.

Now, the road on which I travelled
Through the growing fields of maize led,
And to keep the birds from pecking
At the corn, I saw erected
In the centre of a corn-field,
With its arms outspread and flapping
In the summer breeze, a scarecrow.
Sudden an idea struck me,
So I went up to the scarecrow,
And I took the hat from off it,
Which appeared to be a good one—
An extravagantly good one—
And I took it and I placed it
On the ground beside the one which
Had been given me in kindness
By the ancient Irishwoman,
And it clearly seemed to me that
The appearance of the scarecrow
Would be much improved by having
On its head the hat that I wore,
Which was better calculated
Than the one which it was wearing
For the purposes of scarecrows.

And the change was soon effected,
And I left the scarecrow standing
In the corn-field, arms extended,
As in pity at the change which
Had been made in its appearance.
Never more that piteous scarecrow
Did I see in all my travels,
And I do not think it likely
That I ever more shall see it
In this land of queer relations.
What became of me I cannot
Find the space to tell at present.

A WOMAN OF IMPULSE: A STORY OF THE EMOTIONS.

[AFTER MISS B—DD—N AND W—K—E C—LL—NS.]

CHAPTER I.

A BEAUTIFUL girl of scarce eighteen summers sat in an elegantly furnished apartment, her head reclining on her hand, her hand supported by her rounded elbow, that elbow again supported by a handsome polished table. Emily Bloxam was, indeed, beautiful, and good as she was fair; though, unsuspected, there lurked deep down in her nature that dangerous strength of impulse which is not unfrequently a property of young ladies with auburn ringlets, pure delicate complexions, well-shaped mouths, and unexceptionable chins, noses, and foreheads. There was at the same time, in spite of this regularity of feature, something *outré* in the facial appearance of our heroine which redeemed her charms, otherwise almost too perfect from the charge of insipidity. Especially marked was this when as at the moment of introduction her mind was agitated by eager thoughts. Hush, her beautiful lips move, her eyes flash! One could almost swear that the tip of the lovely nose is in motion. Impulse and emotion play upon those lovely features. Determination, as yet scarcely throned upon the marble brow, peeps out strugglingly through the medium of a dimpled chin. "Beast!" she murmurs, "oh, beast! beast! beast!" At that moment an elderly gentleman entered the room, and perceiving his daughter's emotion, for such was the relationship between them, addressed her, "What, still sorrowing, my darling? Try rather to forget him; he was not worthy of you." But now, womanlike, all the feelings of the last few minutes were turned topsy-turvy. "Papa," she said, with almost a screech of rebuke, "how dare you speak against him? Don't you know that I would die for—oh, beast! beast!" she drawled out between her clenched teeth. "What did you say, my dear? I am sorry to see you like this," said the father, who was very hard of hearing. Emily's sobs broke the stillness of the room. The old man shambled to a chair, and sighed heavily. So the pair remained for some time, and no word passed between them. It was five o'clock. The father produced from his waistcoat pocket a gracefully carved box; he extracted therefrom a dinner-pill, and swallowed it. Emily had ceased to sob now, and was thinking! thinking! She loved him yet, she thought, but she was not sure whether she did not hate him more. Oh, to be revenged! He to marry a widow, an old ugly person with six children, too! yet how beautiful and brave he was when he came through the kitchen-garden, among the cabbage-stumps and gooseberry-bushes with—Gooseberries! pshaw! She would have revenge—slow, sure, but torturing revenge; and then, then, perhaps, she would be free to love and be happy. "Papa," said she, speaking now through an ear-trumpet, "you never refused me anything, dear papa." The old man nodded pleasantly, and his false teeth rattled. "That's a dear good pappy. Now I'm going on an expedition, and I want you to come and take care of me." "Certainly, my dear," said the father, accustomed to pet his only daughter in all things, "but you don't want to go immediately, eh? dinner will be ready directly." Dinner! What was dinner to her? It was all in all to this toothless old dotard; yet she knew that if she humoured him her purpose might depart. "Father, it is I that ask, your Emmy," and the old man gave way, dinner being ordered back an hour. Alas! the dinner-pill could not be ordered back, and Mr. Bloxam selfishly shuddered at the thought. "Now, dear," said Emily, all gaiety and tenderness, when she reappeared dressed and bonneted, "let me give your dear old wig a pull, so, and here's your hat and umbrella, and here's the dreadful old trumpet. Let's start." The old man was in great glee at these attentions, and accompanied his daughter with a light heart, not even caring to ask their destination. He had faith in his child, and the faith was deserved. After they had walked a mile or two, among pleasant fields and hills, they passed, or were about to pass, a lone and picturesque church standing apart from all houses of the living

among the tranquil abodes of the dead. About this time the old man evinced signs of weariness, and they sat for awhile upon the low wall of the churchyard, he thinking of his dinner, she of her project. Presently he ventured a sort of suggestion or remonstrance. "Will it take you long, my dear, to—to do what you want to do?" The usually active tongue gave no response. The eager eyes were suffused with a dim questioning of futurity. All the soul of the young girl rebelled against the associations around her. Was her whole life and its projects to be marred by the babbling of an old man about his dinner? It were better even to go out into the wide world alone. The dream of vengeance, crudely formed as yet, would grow and sustain her. She had five shillings in her pocket, nearly the whole of her weekly allowance. There was an open grave, with a shovel lying beside it, and there was her father. She loved him. She had loved him from her infancy, but steadfastness of purpose was more to her than many fathers. Happy the nobility of soul which can thus subordinate the mere natural affections to a fixed design in life! "Come, father," said she, "let us climb this stile, and observe the prospect beyond." The old man obeyed, though at that time the only prospect in which he took any interest was the distant one of dinner. In an instant he was lying on his back at the bottom of the grave, spoiling his best black coat with the clay. Something descended with force upon his nose, and another object longitudinally on his body. It was the ear-trumpet and the umbrella. Then the sound of a spade at work was heard above. *The sound was that of an inexperienced hand.* These thoughts flashed as by intuition through the mind of the unfortunate man who was being buried alive. The showers of clay descended, and soon the grave was filled up. Emily Bloxam, panting from her labour, regarded the heap of earth under which her father lay with a mournful satisfaction. Then she stooped, took up a morsel of earth, and kissing it passed on her way.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE DETERIORATION OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

WE had hitherto supposed that the duty of a Government official was to keep himself free from party bias, and report the observations made in discharge of his duties to the department to which he is responsible. We now learn that it is to range himself with one set of people whose acts he is called upon to report, and to run down another set. This, it appears, is at any rate the Rev. W. J. Kennedy's idea of his duty as Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools in this district. He cracked up the denominational schools at a Diocesan Board meeting, the other day, as superior to Board schools, and made a savage attack upon the party in the Manchester School Board which is in favour of extending the Board school system. He said that the Board was "deteriorating," and that there was a factious minority "upon the Board of which he was very much afraid." The Chairman, good, easy man, was overruled by this minority of four. Surely, in making this uncalculated attack upon the Manchester Board, Mr. Kennedy was illogical to a degree which is not paralleled, we hope, in his reports. He began by disclaiming any intention of disparaging the Board, and then he said it had deteriorated. That is, it has grown worse, but that is no disparagement; in other words, the Board must originally have been so bad that its becoming worse is no dispraise worth accounting. It turns out that Mr. Kennedy's statement is wrong. If the capitation grant is any test of efficiency, the Board schools, although they have been dealing with a lower class of children than those which attend the denominational schools, have only recently been established, and have hitherto been conducted in very incommensurable premises, have hitherto held their own, and are daily improving. Whence this root of bitterness in the Government official, who has been placed over us as an inspector? In the undignified and unwarrantable attack which this official made upon a brother official, he explained that "there was a natural feeling on the part of officials to extend their work: the bigger their work, the bigger their salaries." We knew that Mr. Kennedy's work

had been diminished, by his relief from the irksome task of examinations in religious knowledge, but we had never heard that his salary had been reduced. If it is because he is a clergyman that Mr. Kennedy regrets the reduction of his work, feeling that the peculiar part of his occupation has gone, perhaps the difficulty might be got over by the substitution of practical teachers for theoretical clergymen in future appointments of inspectors of schools.

BARRENNESS.

[BY AN EXHAUSTED POET.]

In a doleful situation
I address an invocation
To the reader to appreciate the fix that I am in,
For I've got to write to order,
Though my brain is near the border
Of exhaustion, even now before my efforts I begin.

I have got to write some verses,
And the plaint that I rehearse is
The sole result at present of my efforts to indite,
For when to write I bid it, I
Forget my pen's avidity,
And, in consequence, the lines produced are anything but bright.

It is terrible to be a
Sorry bard without idea,
Good or bad, to help him onward, in the compass of his scone,
To be always rhymes demanding,
Which by some misunderstanding
Will tardily or never when they're wanted make response.

So I sit and chew my pen, and
I get angry now and then, and
I proceed to the extremity of tugging at my hair.
The proceedings which I mention
Do not answer their intention,
And next upon the table-cloth in vacancy I stare.

But a sort of stare that's vacant,
Regard it as you may, can't
Be properly considered a legitimate resource,
So next I take to humming,
But the rhymes are not forthcoming,
And the flow of my ideas is no freer in its course.

And so I'll just abandon
The task I've put my hand on,
And put off my further trials to some more propitious time;
I have done the task allotted,
And I happily have spotted,
To complete the present stanza, just the necessary rhyme.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.
Anti-Income Tax.—It would overtax our readers were we to give more than a summary. We will give the basis of your remarks: "basis the slave who pays."
Taking Notes.—Your notes are by no means taking.
A First Attempt.—As your first literary attempt is a failure, we care for no more from the same litter. The floor is littered as it is.
Wet Sheets.—A remarkably dry paper.
My Open Window.—If you had taken advantage of the opportunity you would have saved a penny stamp. The by-law against throwing rubbish into the street is not yet rigorously enforced.
Longings (A. M.).—The next time you long you should not long to such a length; besides, the long and the short of it is that your longings fall short of our requirements.
J. Pass (Pendlebury).—Your proper name, after reference to your contribution, would be better indicated by the use of some form of punctuation after the P. We need say no more. It won't pass, however.
RECEIVED.—"H. Butter;" "The Manchester Athletic Club."

JOHN WRIGHT,

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PROSPECTUS.

The Times of March 10, says that "Skating on real ice during any weather, and at any time of the year, is now an accomplished fact. . . . The rink is the result of Mr. John Gamgee's long and persevering labours to produce artificial cold at a low cost, . . . and has been subjected to a temperature of 63 degrees Fahrenheit without manifesting any tendency to melt. . . . The complete success of the rink of Mr. Gamgee at Chelsea is certified in a document to which the Marquis of Clanricarde and a number of well-known skating gentlemen have affixed their signatures, Mr. G. Austin, the champion skater of America, and Mr. Plumb, of the Prince's Club, among others."

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